

POEM

UPON THE

ADVANCEMENT

OF THE

R^t Hon. Allen Broderick

Lord High CHANCELLOR of

IRELAND.

By John Greer A. M. and Student in Physick

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P O E M

U P O N

The Advancement of the Right Honourable *Allen Broderick* Lord High Chancellor of *Ireland*.

WHILE some in Tuneful Numbers Sound the Praise
Of Deathless Heroes, I'll resume my lays,
And while my Breast unusual Passions Fire,
And Fancy Glows with more than fond Desire;
An ORATOR my just Regard shall Claim,

And best Efforts t' immortalize his Name.

Help mighty BROD'RICK for 'tis you I Chuse,
To Celebrate. Inspire my Willing Muse,
Grant but a pleasing Smile, my Powers Obey,
My thoughts Dance into Rhime, and Words in Numbers Play.

Long hath this Lab'ring Land been void of Ease
Disturb'd with FACTION, the most vile Disease,
That e're a Body Politick did Seize.
Long did Encroaching Power the Plague Augment,
Under the Umbrage of mild Government,
Till GEORGE the Darling both of Gods and Men,
Whole Name's the Subject of each Loyal Pen,
Pit'ing our Case with his Sagacious Eyes,
Which nought withstands peirc'd thro' the Thick Disguise,
And sent you CHANCE'LOR who with Prudent Care,
Will Heal the Wound, and Cure the Festring Scar.

O Happy Change! O Glorious Turn of State!
Truly Propitious to *Hybernia's* Fate,
That Plac'd YOU in that Noble Station here,
To Crown our Joys, and Bless each rolling Year
To this divid'd Land, at last to bring,
Desired PEACE to cause our Swains to Sing
With Joyful Hearts, the Blessings that will Rise,
In this New Scene to please our wondring Eyes
With Admiration we the Prudence Praise,
Of Mighty GEORGE, who thus was pleas'd to Rule.

To this **PREFERMENT**, and make Choice of One
 So well Accomplish'd, who hath always shown
 Himself a **MASTER** of the British Laws,
 And strict **DEFENDER** of an Equal Cause;
 Who with unwearied Diligence Pursues
 What's may to the Publick Good Conduce,
 Who'll with Impartial Judgment still Decide,
 The Suit, O're which his private thoughts Preside.
 Whose **ELOQUENCE** like to some Rapid Flood,
 The Torrent of whose Tide Nought e'er withstood,
 Fix'd to no Bounds, with an Impetuous Course,
 Each Cause Obtains, and Nought can Curb its Force,
 With Grateful Minds we your **SUCCESS** observe,
 And think 'tis only what you did Deserve,
 A Just Reward unto those **VIRTUES** Due,
 Which oft appeared in so fair a view.
 By which **YOU** have Oppos'd th' Attempts of those,
 Who have Encourag'd Ours and *Georges* Foes.
 By which **YOU** have so oft withstood the Storm,
 OF **FACTION**, which *Hybernia* did alarm,
 For which **YOU** bore th' Insults of those, who strove
 To blast your **FAME**, and your Bright **ACTS** Reprove,
 'Tis true, their Joint Endeavours found Success,
 And for some time your **GLORIES** did Suppress,
 At last with struggling, they your **FALL** procur'd,
 And thought themselves, in what they'd got, secur'd:
 But all in vain, (True **VIRTUE**, like the Palm,
 Still seems most weak, when in a Silent Calm,
 Yet when Oppress'd with weights on ev'ry side,
 Struggles beneath the Load, and rears its lovely Head)
 For now **YOU** with more Dazling Glories Rise,
 And **YOUR** bright Beams Obscure their weaker Eyes.
 Those **STORMS** Dispers'd your Native Charms **YOU** show,
 And Captivate th' Admiring **V**World below,
 Thus, when Impetuous Winds begin to arise
 The Scatter'd **CLOUDS** assemble in the Skies;
 Combine their Force, and in a Joint array,
 Obscure the **LIGHT**, and hide the Brilliant **DAY**,
 But when contrary Winds begin to Blow, 6 DE 58
 The Welcome **SUN** his Radiant Beams doth show,
 Admiring Crouds with Joy the **LIGHT** Receive,
 But dare not Gaze, lest he their **SIGHT** deprave.
 The **CLOUDS** Retire, the **V**Winds Forbid to Roar,
 Now Sick'n on the **V**Waves, and Dye upon the Shore.